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ORIGINAL AND INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

VOYAGE TO THE CONGO.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Slow progress of the Expedition.—Paper nautili caught alive.—Whales, and danger from their motions.—Stout slave-trader seen.—Mayumba Cape and Bay; the appearance of the country, &c.—Marine productions; sea bream and light horsemen.—Cold weather near the Line.—The coast and nautical observations as they proceed to the South.—Arrive off Loango.—The latitude of the Bay corrected.—The sea with the appearance of blood.—Toad-fish and eels taken.—Anchor off Malemba Point.—First visit of the natives.—The Mafooka of Malemba and his suite.—Abuse of the European potentates, by this great man, for abolishing the slave trade!—Notices of that inhuman traffic.—Description of the Mafooka and his companions; their dresses and ornaments.—Fetishes; their extraordinary appearance; their disputes with the natives of Cabenda.—Incitements held out to the voyagers.—General description of the people.

Captain Tuckey anxiously endeavoured to take every advantage of the variations in the wind, but the result of all his toil and care, owing to the unsteadiness of the breeze and the current fifteen miles daily to North or N. N. E., was by no means satisfactory, as he could not perceive that he gained any ground. He in consequence determined again to stand out to sea, hoping to escape the current, and to meet with fresher breezes. This experiment was not more successful than the former—in both instances he was completely disappointed—the wind remaining the same, and the current running in a Westerly direction much stronger than in shore, as it now ran at the rate of nearly forty miles in the day. A fortnight was thus consumed. No fish were here caught, and a single swallow was the only bird seen. A variety of marine animals were, however, taken; and among these, many paper nautili (*Argonauta Sulcata*) with the living animals. These creatures, it has been asserted by naturalists, could never be taken, as, taught by instinct, they always abandoned the shell in danger. They may be endowed with a superior sense of danger, but all their reputed sagacity was of no avail when opposed to the powers of

Captain Tuckey's towing-net. In opposition to the opinions advanced by the French writers on natural history, the nautili proved to be of the octopi. The drawings made of them will be received with some interest by the curious. Floating trees and reeds, which were met with forty leagues from land, confirmed the observations previously made on the strength and direction of the current which has been mentioned.

Whales are here very numerous. On the day they made land, a whale with great humps behind his fins, struck the rudder of the transport with his tail, as he rose to the surface of the sea. Another came up immediately under the *Congo*, and almost lifted the vessel out of the water.

After leaving Porto Prayo, up to the 18th the *Dorothy* and *Congo* continued their voyage without meeting with a single vessel. At length, on that day, they perceived a ship, which, from her superior sailing and her general appearance, was at first taken for a ship of war. On coming nearer, she hoisted English merchant colours, but kept at too great a distance to windward to be hailed, and seemed to have no wish to be spoken to. She had eighteen guns run out from her port between decks.

It was plain she was working along shore to the South, and no doubt was entertained of her being engaged in the slave trade, which she seemed to be prepared to carry on by force.

The land and sea breezes now became more regular than they had previously been. The land breeze commonly set in from N. E. to S. E., at 4 A. M., and the sea breeze usually answered it, blowing from the S. W. from 2 till 4 in the afternoon. Both, however, were so light, that the vessels could seldom make a run of ten miles, and till the 24th they remained in sight of Mayumba Bay.

North of the Bay, the appearance of the land is undulating and uneven.—Cape Mayumba forms the highest point, and, as well as Point Matooly, presents a small hummock to the view, gradually declining to the South into low, even land. On shore many fires were observed, which it was conjectured might be made with a view of inviting the adventurers to land. Of this supposed friendly intimation they had at that time no opportunity of availing themselves.

The country is entirely covered with wood, and, rising in the back ground, presents an aspect of greater variety and productiveness than is common on the African coast.

While here, many of the fish were taken, called by the sailors the *sea bream* and *light horseman*. The last-mentioned fish has received this appellation on account of a small protuberance, of a reddish colour, on the back of the head, which is said to resemble a helmet. Though not a very delicious fish, it was preferred, by the crews of both vessels, to the albicore, to which it is certainly superior, and of which by this time they were completely surfeited. The cold now increased, the thermometer never being higher than 73, and sometimes falling in the night as low as 67; but the weather, though hazy, was no longer so damp as it had been. The current with which they had had to contend, was found to diminish as the moon approached the full, and a favourable breeze at last sprung up, on the 24th, which carried them along in shore till the approach of night. They then anchored in 16 fathom water. The few observations they were here enabled to make, were of little importance. To 3. 50. South of Mayumba, the land wears a pleasant appearance, rising in a series of gentle elevations, which gradually recede from the sea. These, as round the Bay, are for the most part covered with wood. Here and there a few barren spots seemed to mark where fires had been recently made. The surf which breaks on the sandy beach is so strong, that to approach the shore in a boat is almost impossible, save under the shelter of some projecting point.

The soundings here were found very regular, varying barely a fathom in a mile, as they retired from the shore. Six miles from land the depth was six fathoms, the bottom was most frequently sandy, but interspersed with pieces of coral and yellow ochre, pebbles, and shells. The colour of the sand varies from black to brown, and from brown to white. Their advance, it was found, must depend wholly on the sea breezes, as the land winds did not blow sufficiently strong to be of any importance. When the moon had passed the full, the adverse current was found to run stronger than ever. They were, by an observa-

tion, on the 28th, in latitude 4. 30. S. The country now appeared more hilly and picturesque than it had previously done, but a greater number of vacant spots of ground were visible on its surface. These patches were now regarded as indications of barrenness, and the soil in these places was a reddish sort of clay. Hills of this clay, of considerable magnitude, were seen to the north of Loango Bay; opposite to which, at the distance of eight miles from the shore, the vessels cast anchor in 16 fathom mud.

On the afternoon of the 29th, when the sea breeze sprang up, they again got under weigh; but the wind soon failing, they found themselves carried towards the land by the current, and in consequence again let go the anchor in twelve fathom water; but before the transport brought up, she was discovered to be in eight fathom water, and on a reef of rocks. Over these the current ran to the N. N. E. at the rate of two knots an hour; Indian Point at this time bearing S. E. The wind freshened shortly after, and cutting the cable, and leaving the stream anchor behind, Captain Tuckey made sail, and passing over the rocky bottom, at length came again to a bottom of mud and twelve fathom water. The reef of rocks over which he passed, lies seven miles from the shore, in about 4. 30. South latitude. They sounded three cables' length between the rocks and the shore, and found seven fathoms and a half water. It was supposed the same depth would be found almost close into the shore, as several whales were seen playing about; and these, it is known, will not go into very shallow water. The latitude of Loango Bay was found to be 4. 39. S. In the maps it has erroneously been set down at 4. 37. The land is very correctly indicated in the chart published by Laurie and Whittle, and especially near Indian Point, which is not unlike the Bill of Portland, but upon a greater scale. It shows reddish sand of moderate elevation, with ravines, which have the appearance of chalky cliffs discoloured by the weather. From Indian Point, the land gradually declines towards the South, and is wholly covered with wood; and the cliffs just mentioned slope gently to the low land at the bottom of the Bay.

The mud and red clay at the bottom here gives the water, or seems to give it, a red tinge. It has the appearance of having been thus coloured by blood, and the illusion could not be detected till on putting some of the water into a glass it was found of the usual colour. No sand was mixed with the mud and clay,

which caused the water to assume this singular appearance, and the bottom was perfectly smooth. Two toad-fish (*diodon*) and several eels were here taken. One of the eels was 4 feet 10 inches long, and measured 7 inches round the lower part of the belly. They anchored in the evening of the 30th off Malemba Point, in 15 fathom water.

On the 1st of July the Captain received, most unexpectedly, a visit from the Mafooka, or King's chief merchant of Malemba, accompanied by several negroes of quality, and ten or twelve attendants. They came in an European four-oared boat, and two canoes. One of these canoes came first to announce, in due form, the approach of the Mafooka, and the officer entrusted with this important mission, thought this the proper opportunity for introducing himself. He accordingly lost no time in telling the English that he was "a gentleman;" and to put this beyond all doubt, he added his name was "Tom Liverpool." When the Mafooka came on board the transport, he seemed disposed to proceed to business without loss of time, and accordingly his first inquiry was directed to ascertain if the Captain wanted slaves. It was not an easy matter to convince him that such was not the object of the expedition. With much difficulty his incredulity was at last vanquished, and he was made to comprehend what were really the causes of his seeing the *Congo* and *Dorothy*. He was more surprised than delighted at the intelligence thus imparted; and when told that the Portuguese nation was the only one now permitted to trade in slaves, he proceeded without further ceremony to rail at the Kings of Europe, for whose authority and policy he expressed much contempt. He added, he now found himself, in consequence of their interference, so encumbered with prisoners, that he knew not what to do with them, and would be content to sell the lot a bargain—even for half of their value. Within the last five years he stated but one vessel to have visited Malemba: that one he described to be a French ship, which had been there about a year before the time at which he was speaking. He said the Portuguese slave-dealers were forbidden to trade to the North of Cabenda; near which place, however, there were nine vessels bearing the colours of their nation, and one Spanish ship. In consequence of the prohibition of which he complained, the ships of Portugal no longer visited his country to purchase slaves; but he admitted they sometimes sent boats from Cabenda for that pur-

pose. The correctness of this information they had no reason to doubt, as while the expedition remained there an European boat was seen sailing between the two ports. From the description given of the vessel under Spanish colours, the Captain was satisfied it was the same that he had seen on the 18th, in the Gulf of Guinea.

The Mafooka and his friends now on board, exhibited a most singular appearance. Their dresses presented a preposterous mixture of African costume and European frippery. The great man himself wore a superfine red waistcoat; his secretary was adorned with the scarlet coat of a general, the effect of which, in contrast with his sable skin, (for his carcase was encumbered with no other garment,) can be better conceived than described; and a third made a similar display of splendour, being attired in a cloak, which was also red, and edged with gold lace. The other habiliments in use among them, were a piece of cotton cloth thrown round the waist, and a small apron made of the skin of a wild cat. This was ascertained to be a mark of distinction or gentility, and was not permitted to be worn by the lower classes. Necklaces of beads, rings formed of the bristles of the elephant's tail, which they called by the name of Morpi, and which were multiplied as the wearer desired to be more or less fashionable, were the ornaments worn round the neck. Rings of copper or iron adorned their ankles and wrists, and were fastened on in such a manner that they could not be taken off. Some of the copper ones were ornamented with raised figures, which were tolerably executed. The necklaces worn by some of the young men were so numerous, that they could with difficulty move their heads. Those who were advanced in years, or of sedate habits, sported but one or two. They were all loaded with *fetishes* the most various and extravagant that can be imagined. These were formed of rags, wood, stones, shells, horns, glass, &c.; but a monkey's bone was principally the object of religious veneration. The Mafooka's *master-fetish* presented a most indecent representation of two men surrounded by the tips of goat's horns, shells, and other trumpery articles, and thrown over the shoulder, appended to a snake-skin belt. It was remarked, that these sculptured figures on the fetish had Egyptian faces, the nose being aquiline, and the forehead high, instead of negro countenances, which might have been expected. This circumstance excited much surprise. On their heads the Mafooka and his friends

wore a striped worsted cap, or a substitute of their own invention, and of workmanship at once curious and peculiar to themselves. The Mafooka having offered to procure a supply of fresh provisions, the Captain considering he must anchor in the evening at no great distance from the place where he then was, accepted the offer. The boats in which the party had come were sent on shore for this purpose, but the Mafooka, with eight of his people, preferred remaining on board. Doing this they were in hopes of being well regaled with brandy, and were not disappointed. On the failure of the sea breeze the ships were obliged to bring to, off Cabenda, from which place another boat full of natives—all calling themselves gentlemen—put off the next morning, but the Captain having had visitors enough already, declined receiving them on board. The Malemba guests, as the provisions sent for had not yet made their appearance, were sent off by this conveyance, but much against their will, as they wished to remain in the transport, and were not on good terms with their neighbours of Cabenda. Much noise and clamour arose between them, each party calling the other "*d—d black rascals*;" a phrase for which they were certainly indebted to their English visitors, but no blows were struck, and the boat being now quite full, slowly made for the shore. They remained in sight till night-fall, when they had still two-thirds of their passage to accomplish, which in all probability did not terminate before midnight.

It may not be improper to mention that the boat sent from the transport to procure provisions, before those in it proceeded to execute the commission with which they were charged, made the best of its way to the Congo. Here they were received on board, and made the same display of their fetishes, &c. as they had previously done in the *Dorothy*. They pressed Lieut. Hawkey to run in for Malemba, where they assured him slaves might be had in abundance and cheap; and where, according to their report, a perfect paradise was to be found. Their fields were described to be luxuriantly productive, their cattle and poultry plentiful and excellent, and their women—(they laid great stress on the superiority of this article of commerce)—they described to be the most beautiful that could be found all along the coast. On its being intimated to them that he (Lieut. Hawkey,) could not comply with their request without the sanction of the Captain, whom they had just left, much surprise was expressed. They could not

comprehend how two ships were to be commanded by one individual, and renewed their solicitations. Though often assured that he had no wish to procure slaves, it was evident, while they affected at last to be convinced of the truth of the assertion, that they still remained incredulous, and believed this story to have been told for some sinister purpose. The injustice of abolishing the slave trade they attempted to demonstrate, by pathetically enquiring how they were to procure clothes, beads, and brandy, if the Europeans would not purchase their prisoners, as they had nothing else to sell? Of course the answers given were not exactly what they could have wished, and they took their departure, but indifferently pleased. From the information gained from them, it appears that their country produces much copper. Of the manners and habits of these people, some idea may be formed from what has already been said. Those who were suffered to remain on board the transport, were at night deposited on a sail between decks, where they slept all huddled together. At day-break they quitted the arms of Somnus for the more refined enjoyments of brandy and tobacco.

With the exception of the covering for the head, they displayed nothing very creditable to their skill as artisans. Their canoes were made out of a single tree. Each was worked by fine long paddles, the men standing up while thus employed.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE AND LITERARY MISCELLANY; A New Series, August, 1817, price 2s. Published Monthly.

The well-known "*Scots Magazine*," which was begun in 1739, has thought fit to act the Phoenix, and commence a renovated career under the above title; and as the first Number of the New Series, which we have just received, seems worthy of the character of its parent, we have pleasure in adding our tribute to the offerings in commendation of an able contemporary. The design embraces several of our own features, "to form a repository for the short and occasional productions of men of genius,—to record the remarkable occurrences of the Republic of Letters, including an obituary of its eminent characters,—to illustrate the progress and present state of the fine, as well as of the useful arts,—and to preserve a faithful journal of foreign and domestic occurrences;"—these, and the

usual miscellanies of a Magazine, are the objects, to the fulfilment of which the proprietors pledge themselves, with the addition of "illustrations of the manners, history, and antiquities of Scotland, from mines yet unexplored or unexplored."

In our opinion there cannot be too many works of this kind. Those which do not keep the word of promise even to the ear, are always very ephemeral,—though light as nothing, they speedily sink under their own weight; and those only which are worthy of public support obtain and maintain a distinguished station among the periodical productions, which are estimable not merely for amusing the passing hour, but for rescuing much of value from oblivion, exciting much of talent to the field of literature, and preserving much, both of the past and present, in a form as convenient and agreeable as it is appropriate and lasting. Indeed we scarcely know a banquet more entertaining than the perusal of good old works of this description, except that which the interest of the times adds to their publication when they first issue from the press.

We are well-pleased therefore to see so spirited a renovation of an old favourite as this Number brings before us. Among its leading contents are a curious article on the introduction and use of torture in Scotland, with a neat etching of a person suffering under the instrument called the Thumbikens,—an original letter of David Hume's, which we could match by fifty in our possession,—a view of the manners of Scotland during the last century,—some account of Paul Jones,—Geology of the Calton Hill, and some very acute observations on facts in Natural History,—a long abstract about Steam Boats, and similar essays on the Poor Laws, and on the Commerce of the Country—a story of a Polish ambassador and Queen Elizabeth, not so novel as the Editor has supposed,—a notice of the abuse of terms in Writing, which we subjoin as a specimen, hoping that the author will follow up and enlarge upon a subject so copious and amusing,—and a short paper entitled "*Border Sketches*," which surmises that the picture of Tully-veolan in Waverley was drawn from the old mansion of Traquair, and thus fixes the local near Mr. Walter Scott:—these fill up the head of "*Original Communications*." The reviewing department is not prominent, and is limited to subjects more peculiarly Scottish. The poetry is also rather fanciful than of general interest, though there is, (*mirabile dictu*!) a love poem by Tom Paine, vouched as genuine by Tom Holcroft!!

ON THE PROPER USE OF TERMS IN WRITING.

Mr. Editor,—The use of appropriate terms to convey information with effect, or to describe objects with accuracy, is one of the first beauties in written composition; and I trust I shall have your indulgence, and that of the readers of the Edinburgh Magazine, while I point out one or two incongruities which are to be met with in the works of many respectable authors.

No expression in descriptive writing is more frequent, than that such or such a lake is a "beautiful sheet of water;"—and yet no term is more indefinite or worse understood than this. To a stranger to the object described, it may imply an extent of water fifty miles in diameter; while perhaps to another, it does not suggest a space larger than a mill-pond. It is evident that, unless the author who uses a term so undefined, specifies the actual length and breadth of the water he describes, no person can form the slightest idea of the dimensions of this said sheet of water. As an improvement on the expression, I take the liberty to suggest a plan by which such indefinite description may be avoided, without changing the word now in general use. I would term all the largest lakes or expanses of water, say, for instance, not less than fifty miles in length and ten in breadth, a *sheet of water*;—those of less dimensions, or twenty-five miles in length and five in breadth, a *half sheet*;—those of smaller size a *quarter sheet*;—and lakes still smaller than these may be distinguished by the terms *octavo pages of water*, *duodecimo pages*, &c.—till the most insignificant pond should have a distinctive name, that should represent its relative size to the mind with sufficient accuracy. To the public the introduction of this plan would be of essential service; and if it were once generally adopted, no one could be at a loss to conceive the meaning of another. Few persons who read books are ignorant of the comparative sizes into which paper is folded; and if the appointed standard were to be *fool's-cap*, many respectable authors would find themselves at home.

Another expression of unrestricted meaning frequently met with in books, is "an arm of the sea." The writers who first used this term had certainly their reasons for doing so. Perhaps they metaphorically supposed the sea an animal; but if they took the idea from the human species, and gave the name of *arm* to places relatively situated in the ocean, there is an incongruity in the expression which is really ludicrous; for no analogy can reconcile either an *arm* or the *bottom* of the sea to the corresponding parts in the "human form divine." Sometimes we find the phrase, *arm of the sea*, put for a navigable inlet 100 miles in length:—at other times a creek not extending so many yards is so denominated. If the sea is to be a metaphorical monster (and so it must be, for it has more than a hundred arms in Scotland alone), why do not geographers lay down the position of its *legs* as well as its *arms*? or, if it has no *legs*, may it not have *feet* and a *tail*?

A *ridge* or *chain* of mountains *running* across, or *traversing* an island or a continent,

is another phrase in very common use among our geographical writers; whereas the fact is, that the said ridges, luckily for the stability of the earth's surface, continue, and have continued since the creation, in their accustomed places. Knowing of no good reason, either moral, political, or orthographical, for using these misapplied metaphorical terms, may I beg to suggest, that authors ought to employ words which, in their meaning, include the immovability of these fixtures of nature. I know not, Sir, what you may think on this subject; but it is certainly a serious thing to unsettle all our notions of gravity, by making mountains *rise* or *ascend* in majesty, and even *pierce* the very clouds which dim them to our sight.

In the foregoing remarks I refer only to works which treat of matters of fact,—not to works of fiction. I have no desire to curb the genius of our poets, by taking one word out of their vocabulary. Let the *roaring* of the sea in a tempest, or the soft *murmur* of its almost quiescent waves in a calm, be granted to those who would personify a poker, or apostrophize a coffee-pot. And rivers may *glide*, *rush*, and *hasten* with fearful velocity,—*bend*, *twist*, and *stretch*;—or, if they please, *steal* gently along, and *kiss* the wild-flowers which overhang their banks, in peace, and without molestation from me;—provided it be always understood, that these phrases are merely figures or fictions of speech, and convey nothing which can disturb our belief of the earth's stability, or shake our faith in the received ideas which divide animated from inanimate matter.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

PETER PANGLOSS, LL.D. F.R. & ASS.

CORRESPONDENCE between a MOTHER and her DAUGHTER at SCHOOL.
By MRS. TAYLOR and JANE TAYLOR.
12mo.

This is a graceful little work. Its title acquaints us with its whole contents. It is a compact, and at the same time light and attractive compilation of the advice which many an anxious mother has longed to give her child, without the faculty to give it; and which no child could receive without being the better for its wisdom. The letters pursue no direct course, they take the prominent subjects of education, school life, and youthful feelings, occasionally as they might occur in the intercourse of two minds completely unfolded to each other. The usual frivolities of female correspondence are supplanted by interesting and original remarks, and the loftier knowledge of morals and religion is relieved by passing instruction in the graceful duties of Society. Our limits do not allow of much quotation, but we must give the observations on female dress, in the 10th Letter from the Mother.

It is well that your mind is so far fortified against that prevailing evil, the love of dress.

I should be sorry, indeed, if, in addition to those acquirements which I hope will be permanent, one should be added, which, on your return home, you will find it necessary to unlearn. I believe you will not be apprehensive of my passing to the other extreme. — A becoming, subordinate attention to dress, is, I think, forbidden neither by reason nor scripture. Even some things that are merely ornamental, furnish employment to thousands of industrious families, and for those who can *really* afford it, to encourage them is a far more effectual support to the poor than indiscriminate alms-giving. I am decidedly of Mrs. W.'s opinion, that there are those who, while they affect great strictness in dress, foster as much pride as others, who pay the most regard to it. But I would endeavour to confirm your views of the subject, by exposing some of the evils to which a passion for dress would lead you. An evil it is of no small magnitude, when it tempts us to pass the bounds of our pecuniary resources, or even barely to keep within them; in which case, while we are so amply providing for the industrious poor, we may be imperceptibly descending to the same level. It is really painful to observe the expensive habits of some families, in this respect, who might support their pretensions to gentility much better by a plainer appearance. The gratification of being the first in a *new fashion* is purchased at whatever price; and as, when it becomes general, it loses its charm, there can be comparatively but a few able to attain this distinction, an honor for which such anxiety and expense are thought justifiable. What an employment of that time and those talents, of which a solemn account will shortly be required.

This sad propensity, from the titled lady down to the kitchen-maid, maintains the most destructive progression. The former, in spite of all her exertions, discovers, to her mortification, that she is presently overtaken by the class immediately beneath her; and they, in their turn, are obliged to advance by their neighbours in the rear. It is obvious, that the higher classes are eventually impelled by the lower: for were these to remain stationary, so rapid a progression would become unnecessary, and vanity itself might enjoy a transient repose. One would imagine, that the estate, the reputation, (we will not say the soul,) depended with many on their sporting something entirely new. Oh that half this anxiety were manifested, that (in a different sense,) "old things might pass away, and all things become new."

When we contemplate our various relations, what we owe to our fellow-creatures, to ourselves, and to God—is it not fearful to reflect on the large portion of time, and the undue degree of interest, devoted to the ornament of bodies, that must so soon decay, and fall into ruin? "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also."

"A WORD IN SEASON TO MY BELOVED COUNTRY." Published by T. Boosey. pp. 11.

These patriotic lines have lain only a few weeks on our table, and yet much of

their prayer has been fulfilled in the returning prosperity of the Country; and what was at the time of their publication supplicative, has become prophetic.—Still, however, their delicacy, poetical merit, and sound moral and political principles, recommend them to the perusal of all, and the especial consideration of those Britons, who are most prone to abandon their native land. So slight a production (twelve stanzas) requires no more than a slight notice; it is therefore only as a part of the duty we impose upon ourselves as Reviewers to give an opinion and an example of all deserving works submitted to us, that we copy the conclusion, as a specimen of the poem.

Unite! and yonder darkling clond
No longer may our hopes enshroud,
Nor dim the smiling morn :
Commerce, again, shall spread her sail,
Jocund, the Peasant seize the flail,
While Plenty fills her horn !

Ah ! sully not thy glorious name,
Nor blot the records of thy fame,
Nor barter all, for self :
Rise ! high-soul'd Nation ! proudly rise !
Prove worthy of thy destinies,
O conquer now,—Thyself !

ANCIENT LITERATURE.

ITALY.—We have had frequent occasion to speak of the learned M. Maio, of Milan, and of the valuable discoveries made by him in the Ambrosian Library. In our 13th Number we gave an account of a Treatise on Virtue, discovered by him and attributed to Philo. M. Maio has lately published an advertisement relative to this tract, which, though ascribed by a Milan MS. to Philo, was written, according to others, by George Gemistus Plethon, a Greek author of the 13th century; it has even been printed long since under the name of this second author, (*Græcæ et Latine*, Basilee, Oporin, 1552. 8vo. *Græce cum Stobæo*, Antuerpiæ, Plantin, 1575, in fol. &c.) In consequence M. Maio declares, that he cuts it off from the catalogue of inedited works, recently published by him, observing, however, that it would not be impossible to claim this little tract for Philo—1st. because the Milan MS. ascribes it to him—2d. because the style does not appear unworthy of Antiquity—3d. because Gemistus Plethon, who borrowed many things from ancient author, e. g. from Aristotle, Theophrastus, Xenophon, Plutarch, and Arrian, may have borrowed this tract from Philo—4th and lastly, because Philo really did compose works upon Virtue, which we do not now possess. But M. Maio, foreseeing the answers that might be made to these four observations, and being unwilling to enter into any controversy on this subject with the learned, invites them to consider, as annulled, the edition which he has given of this little work, and of which he has distributed but a very few copies. We cannot, however, regret that M. Maio should have been induced to publish this treatise, as we should otherwise have, perhaps, had to wait

till another opportunity for the valuable and most important information contained in his preface, of which we gave an account in our 14th Number.

M. Fontani, Librarian at Florence, announces the publication of inedited letters of Poggio, in 2 or 3 volumes 8vo. He proposes also to publish the Catalogue of the MSS. of the Riccardian Library. This catalogue will form 3 or 4 volumes in folio.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SCRIP.

(SELECTIONS FROM A MS. WITH THIS TITLE, BY THE AUTHOR OF MEMOIRS OF JOHN SOBIESKI, KING OF POLAND.)

HUNTING.

The origin of Holy-Head, being so called.
ROYAL SPORTSMEN.

The incident which gives to this paper its index, may be aptly introduced by a known story, which a writer of some humour relates to testify his own contempt for those who devote their lives and fortunes to their passion for hunting and hawking.

There was a physician at Milan, who was much celebrated for his skill in the cure of Mania. His mode of treating this malady was as simple as it was efficacious; he had a deep pit formed in a suitable part of his house, which he would fill with water at his pleasure. Into this bath, he plunged and seated his patients, duly regulating the height of the water, according to the degree in which they were severally affected. Some were immersed as high as the knee, others, to the waist, others again, to the chin. It chanced one day, that a patient, somewhat recovered by these ablutions, was enjoying the liberty of standing at the door, when a Cavalier, superbly mounted, approached, bearing on his hand a falcon, and followed by a numerous train of dogs, horses, and servants. The Maniac's curiosity was instantly excited to know what use one Cavalier could possibly have for so large a retinue; and unable to restrain it, he ventured to address the Cavalier himself, with an enquiry to that effect—when the following short dialogue took place:

Cavalier. My suite merely consists of servants properly equipped for the business of hunting and hawking.

Maniac. Oh! you are going to rid the country of some wild beasts?

Cavalier. No, I am at present bound in pursuit of game.

Maniac. What do you mean by game?

Cavalier. Know you not?—hares, partridges, pheasants, with which I supply my table.

Maniac. What may be the value of what you kill in the year?

Cavalier. About fifteen or twenty crowns.

Maniac. And to what do the expenses of your dogs, your horses, your hawks, and your huntsmen amount?

Cavalier. To five hundred crowns at least.

Maniac. Fly, fly, with all the speed your horse can make, if you would save yourself from a most painful operation, for should my master find you here, he would most assuredly cause you to be seized and plunged into his horrid pit—aye, to the very chin.

What degree of coercion would this shrewd Maniac have thought necessary for restoring that royal hunter to reason, who alienated a castle and a large portion of territory for the sole gratification of killing one poor single deer! The particulars of this act of folly, by which a town and cape in Anglesea became designated under the name of Holy-Head, are given by an ancient Welch historian.

In the time of Constantine the Great, there was in Britain a holy Bishop, called Kebi, son of Solomon Duke of Cornwall, who going to school at seven years old, gave himself up to study for twenty years, after which he passed into Gaul, to profit of the instructions of Saint Hilary, then Bishop of Poitou. He continued his disciple many years, and was by him at last consecrated Bishop, and sent back to his own country; where having spent the best part of his life in preaching and founding churches, he retired in its decline to a hermitage in the Isle of Anglesea, to end his days in the peaceful and pious contemplation of God. Soon after this event, the King of the country hunting that way, chased a roe, the object of his pursuit, into the cell of Saint Kebi, who seeing her coursed by the King's greyhounds, closed the door to keep them out. On the King reaching the hermitage, he commanded the Bishop to turn out the roe; this mandate he promised to obey on condition that the King should give for the service of the church all the land which the roe should in her course run over before she was killed by the greyhounds. To these terms the King immediately acceded, and the roe being turned out, compassed ere the end of the chase, a large tract of country, within which stood one of the King's castles; he, however, faithfully performed his agreement, and gave both that and the ground to Saint Kebi, from which time the place has been known by the name of Holy-Head, of which Saint Kebi bore the title of Bishop.

Some passions are vicious in themselves,—others only become so when the indulgence of them is carried to excess. To this latter class hunting belongs. When followed merely as a manly exercise, it gives health and strength to the body, vigor and cheerfulness to the mind; and properly directed, is useful in a country by exterminating those vermin which rob the industrious labourer of his hardly earned harvest.

Louis XIV., as an elegant writer of the present day was informed by the late King of Poland, strictly enjoined his descendants constantly to use the violent exercise of the chase, in order to conquer the hypochondriac disposition which was hereditary in his family, and no doubt, though it could not cure, it checked the progress which the affection might otherwise have made.

Charles III. of Spain may also be considered as influenced by proper consideration in the pursuit of his field sports, when it is remembered that he exercised the skill he had acquired in them against the enemies of the farmer and the shepherd. It must however be acknowledged, that he attached more importance to his exploits over them than became the dignity of his station, when he could make them his boast, at a period when a retrospection of a very different nature would have been more decorous. It is affirmed that a short time before his death, he exultingly told a Foreign Ambassador that he had killed with his own hand five hundred and thirty nine wolves, and five thousand three hundred and twenty-three foxes, adding with an air of great complacency, "My diversion, you will observe, has not been useless to my country."

The curious reader may perhaps be amused with a description of the dress of this royal Nimrod: it was invariably a large hat, grey segovia frock, a buff waistcoat, black breeches, and worsted stockings; he wore a short dagger, and his pockets were always filled with knives, gloves, and shooting tackle. On court days, he threw on a dress coat and waistcoat; but to save time and be in some preparation for his daily sports, he made the same breeches serve every dress. This Prince took great pride and pleasure in keeping a regular diary of his sporting achievements; by which it appeared that there were not above three or four days in the year that he passed without hunting, and those he looked upon as days of gloom and penance.

In Louis XIII. of France this passion for hunting was not of a character equally harmless; on the contrary, it often en-

dangered the peace and welfare of his country, as may be seen in his choice of Monsieur de Luynes, as his counsellor in state affairs, on no other recommendation than that of his being well skilled in all field sports. As if perfection in the art of training hawks and hounds, argued the possession of talents adequate to the managing with judgment the reins of a great empire.

The whole of this Prince's character, with the particular incident which during his minority first gained Monsieur de Luynes that ascendancy over his majesty's mind, which he afterwards exercised so much to the injury of the kingdom, are so ably and characteristically drawn by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who was ambassador at the French court during Louis XIIIth's reign, that I am tempted to give them in his Lordship's own energetic language and just reasoning. After mentioning his introduction to Louis XIII. he continues:—I presented to the King a letter of credence from the King my master; the King assured me in return of a reciprocal affection for my King, and of my particular welcome at his court. His words were never many, as being so extreme a stammerer that he would sometimes hold his tongue out of his mouth a good while before he could speak so much as one word; he had besides a double row of teeth. He was laborious and almost indefatigable in his exercises of hunting and hawking, to which he was much addicted; for he was noted in those sports, though often times on foot, to tire out not only his courtiers, but even his lackies; being equally insensible, as was thought, to either heat or cold.

His understanding and natural parts were as good as could be expected in one that was brought up in so much ignorance, which was on purpose so done that he might be the longer governed; howbeit he acquired in time a great knowledge in affairs, as conversing for the most part with wise and active persons. He was noted to have two qualities incident to all who are ignorantly brought up, suspicion and dissimulation; for as ignorant persons walk in the dark, they cannot be exempt from fear of stumbling, and as they are likewise deprived of or deficient in those true principles by which they should govern both public and private actions in a wise, solid, and demonstrative way, they strive commonly to supply these imperfections with covert arts, which, though it may be sometimes excusable in necessitous persons, and be frequent among those who negotiate in small matters, yet con-

demnable in Princes, who, proceeding upon foundations of reason and strength, ought not to submit themselves to such poor helps. Howbeit I must observe that neither his fears did take away his courage, when there was occasion to use it, nor his dissimulation extend itself to the doing private mischiefs to his subjects, either of one religion or the other. His favourite is Monsieur de Luynes, who in his non-age gained much upon the King by training hawks to fly at little birds in his garden, and making some of the little birds again catch butterflies. And had the King used him for no other purpose, he might have been tolerated; but as, when the King came to riper age, the government of public affairs was drawn chiefly from his counsels, not a few errors were committed. The Queen-mother, Princes, and Nobles of that kingdom, repined that his advices to the King should be so prevalent, which also at last caused a civil war in that kingdom. How unfit this man was for the credit he had with the King, may be argued by this; that when there was question made about some business in Bohemia, he demanded whether it were an inland country, or lay on the sea.

I shall for the present close these anecdotes of royal sportsmen, with an incident which discovered to the Germans the medicinal waters of Carlesbad; it was to the Emperor Charles V. they owed this benefit. He was one day vigorously pursuing a stag through a forest, when he observed it fall, with one of the hounds, into a natural fountain, and very soon afterwards both animals entirely lost their hair. This effect excited his Majesty's curiosity to learn the properties of the spring, and he immediately ordered it to be analyzed by persons properly qualified for the purpose; when the water being found to be warm, and medicinal in cutaneous complaints, the Emperor gave it the name of Carlesbad, or Charles's Bath.

THOUGHTS ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

"LITERATURE is as much as LEGISLATURE the guardian of *Public Morals*:" upon this ground a place is claimed in your excellent Journal for the enclosed—(*The Writer's Introduction.*)

"He will go to Hell for it, however, die when he will."—It was the finish of a sentence which escaped from a little bustling man, as he passed hastily on. And a very sweeping conclusion it seemed; but doubtless it meant no more than that punishment awaited those crimes hereafter, which the laws could not reach, or neglected to punish here.

The occasion was one of those acts of bar-

barity which too often occur in the streets of our metropolis, in the cruelty exercised on the brute creation.

Indeed it is hardly possible to walk out without being pained and irritated by the misery and sufferings inflicted on defenceless animals; more especially on that noble and useful creature the horse, whether his condition be that of a road hack, coach hack, cart, or stage horse;—in the latter his stages are little short of the exertion required by the racer, and made at the expence of many useful lives as well as his own.

The reflections that arise from such wanton inflictions, leads us to consider the nature of cruelty, and to ask, how it can belong to man, in any other than a savage state? I much fear however that what we call civilization, at least as far as the treatment of animals is concerned, claims little exemption from the practice of more barbarous nations.

Something may be allowed for ignorance, or neglect, but as Christians we are called upon to exercise mercy in its fullest extent, that to neglect this duty is to forfeit all claims to the mercy of that Being who gave the command, and extended it to all the works of his hand. The relation we stand in to his creatures is pointed out in so many passages of Holy Writ, that considering the number of crimes which have cruelty either in their nature or their source; it is astonishing to find so little on this head from the pulpit: whence the divine quality of mercy would come recommended with more effect than from any other place.

Other vices, from their seducing influence, may have pleasure as their excuse, but what that quality of the mind can be which takes pleasure in acts of cruelty, cannot be easily determined, except as belonging to, and derived in an especial manner from the Author of all Evil.

Among the savage nations who torture their prisoners, it is a matter of proud contention and defiance, between the power of inflicting and that of enduring; and the mind of the sufferers, like the martyr at the stake, is elevated above the common feelings of humanity.

It may be said, and with great truth, that to inculcate the precepts of Christianity, includes every other duty; but it must also be remembered, how often the repetition of every separate obligation must be enforced, and commented upon, ere the mind is brought to attention or conviction: many are so much engaged in settling their opinions on speculative points of doctrine, as to overlook the practical and more essential points of religion.

We are told indeed that there are laws to prevent cruelty to animals; but who that frequents our crowded streets would imagine that such existed. The animals are there seen loaded beyond their strength, and the lash used as it were from habit, upon machines to which it had the power of communicating an impulse.

Morbid sensibility has been so much the object of ridicule, that proper feelings have sometimes been suppressed, from a dread of incurring the charge of affected sentiment;

so that evil becomes audacious for the want of rephension, and every day's neglect gives an opportunity for its accumulation.

That which is continually before us ceases to attract our regard, and we may justly apply what Dr. Young said of himself;

"'T has been so long remember'd, 'tis forgot."

It may also with truth be said that cruelty is rendered familiar to us even from infancy; few but must have observed the propensity in children to mischiefs of this kind, and how often it is passed over as a matter that will cure itself. How far this is the case does not daily experience show? Domitian, when a child, delighted in the torture of insects; what he was as a man, history informs us; nor is it to be wondered at, if infant cruelty ends in murder, the frequency of which crime in our times, may in all probability be traced to the unchecked and vicious barbarity of the child.

From ignorance rather than from wilful neglect, parents too often overlook this propensity; they do not perceive the remote and dangerous consequences which spring from causes apparently trivial. But the experienced in human nature know, that every thing is of consequence that may direct or mislead in the path of life.

A small means will put a mighty engine into motion; and the rill that trickles gently from its source, becomes a river on its way, and an overwhelming flood in its course.

A toy in the hands of a child may direct its destiny in life; nor is it considering the matter too curiously, to draw this conclusion. A whip for instance is put into the hands of a boy,—a whip must lash something, or it is of no use; things inanimate cannot feel, dogs and other animals can.—The management of the whip then, may lead to the groom, the gentleman of the turf, or the slave driver; and—"He would be a soldier," because his toy when a child was a gun.

Children are not only permitted to destroy insects without check, but foolish parents have been known to put kittens or young birds into the hands of their offspring, by way of keeping them out of mischief; and I have actually seen a mother give a cock chaffer to her child for the purpose of spinning it, as it is called, which is neither more nor less than impaling it alive, and enjoying as amusement its writhing under mortal tortures.

If people do these things in ignorance it is quite time they should be set right. The relative duty we owe to God's creatures might well become a part of education, and it would greatly credit the humanity of any individual who would bequeath a sum for an annual sermon or sermons on the subject, of the duty of mercy, and the sin of cruelty to animals.

I am not contending for a mawkish sensibility, which is very often a selfish feeling that cannot bear to look upon distress and misery, lest it should be obliged to exert itself to alleviate them. Neither are the offences I allude to, the pugilistic exercises, nor even a boxing match, where it is in the choice of either party to desist at pleasure. No! it is when I see a country journal, detailing

with scientific affectation, the tearing and mangling of a calf by dogs, brought out for the purpose of amusing the populace; and not made an end of at once; but brought out the next day to finish the horrid sport, and in conclusion put out of its misery by a butcher more humane than the other spectators.

Are we then to be surprised when such practices are permitted in a Christian country, that a bishop should be under the necessity of writing to the clergy of his diocese, recommending them to notice from the pulpit the enormity of a practice (too common on our coasts) of plundering the wrecks which the storm has cast on shore. It may be indeed a question in after times, if these were the people who sent Gospel missionaries into distant lands, who distributed the word of God to nations afar off, (even to the remotest parts of the known world) and were yet so destitute of the means or the will to instruct the ignorant among themselves, or the power to enforce the laws by which such barbarities might be prevented.

Dr. Primatt (greatly to the credit of his feelings and humanity) has treated the subject of cruelty to animals at large, and whatever our charities may be, or our credit as a nation, he says,

"We may pretend to what religion we please, but cruelty is Atheism; we may make our boast of Christianity, but cruelty is Infidelity; we may trust to our Orthodoxy, but cruelty is the worst of heresies."

There is certainly no reason to say, that as a country we are deficient in liberality or works of charity, and yet as the "dogs feed only on the crumbs which fall from their master's table," we cannot in conscience refuse them this, since it costs nothing but attention, to give some part to the sufferings of the brute creation. As men we are called upon, as Christians we are commanded, and it is the peculiar duty of every master of a family, of every teacher or instructor (in or out of schools) to watch over those entrusted to their care, and to check the growth of this prevailing sin.

At some distance from London, at an eminent establishment for young gentlemen, it was a common practice for the pupils to purchase cats of the cottagers in the neighbourhood, to be worried to death by dogs for their diversion; and though the master might be ignorant of such a practice, yet we may readily conclude, that if lessons of humanity formed a part of our education, such outrages would in a great measure be prevented: nor should we then be outdone by Turks and Infidels in works of mercy and kindness.

History also informs us of a polite nation (not Christian) that rejected a person of the first quality, who stood for a justiciary office, only because in his youth he had been observed to take pleasure in tearing and murdering birds: and of another, that expelled a senator for dashing a bird to the ground which had taken shelter in his bosom.

Dr. Moore, the ingenious author of *The*

¹ This disgraceful fact took place at O—, and was so detailed in the newspaper of that city.

luco, has founded the plan of his story, upon the circumstance of a self-willed passionate young man crushing a bird to death, which leads in the sequel to the murder of his own child.

Lord Erskine, so much to the credit of his humanity, attempted to bring a bill into parliament for the better prevention of acts of cruelty to animals; the documents he meant to bring forward in support of his arguments were sufficient to fill a moderate sized trunk, but the bill was thrown out, and the black deeds never met the public eye: and perhaps it is as well they never did: in such views, human nature suffers a degradation; and it were better to be ignorant of facts, which might be too apt to make us detest our own species.

Upon a principle of self preservation then, let it be an object of the first consideration, to impress upon the rising generation the duties of humanity and kindness to the inferior creatures, which God has placed here, as well for their happiness, as our use. We shall conclude these brief observations, in the hopes that some more able pen may advocate the cause, in the words of the benevolent author before quoted.

"If I know a man that is cruel to his beast, I ask no more questions about him; he may be a noble man, or a rich man, or a polite man, or a sensible man, or a learned man, or an orthodox man, or a church man, or a puritan, or any thing else it matters not; this I know, on the word of a wise King, that being cruel to his beast, He is a wicked man."

THE FINE ARTS.

FOURTH LETTER OF AN ARTIST.

Thoughts on cultivating a Taste for the Arts, and the practice of Design.

(Concluded.)

"Nothing can come of nothing."

Neither must the Artist expect from mere technical skill, or the deceptive in art, to arrive at any of those distinguished and exalted ends which give to his profession the title of a liberal art. He must treasure up in his mind, from the vast stores of nature, those materials which are equally necessary to him as to the poet; on the construction of whose mind, Dr. Johnson in his *Rasselas* speaks thus:—

"Being now resolved to be a poet, I saw every thing with a new purpose; my sphere of attention was suddenly magnified, no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked, I ranged mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the forest and every flower of the field.

"I observed with equal care the crags of the rocks and the pinnacles of the temples; sometimes I wandered along the mazes of the rivulet, and sometimes watched the changes of the clouds. To a poet nothing is useless; whatever is dreadful, whatever is beautiful, must be admitted to his imagination; he must be acquainted with whatever is awfully vast, or elegantly little.

"The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and

the meteors of the sky, must also concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety."

Again, as if the same author intended to guard against that minuteness of detail, ill suited to the grand and exalted purposes either of poetry or painting, he goes on to observe:—

"It is not to examine the individual, but the species, to remark general properties and large appearances; he does not number the streaks of the tulip, nor describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature such permanent and striking features as recall the original to every mind, and must neglect the minuter discriminations, which one may have remarked and another neglected, for those characteristics, which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness."

With something of this feeling, and without any intention of undervaluing that skill which can produce a deception on the sight, we may very fairly be understood, only to wish to put this quality of art in its proper place, and with the late Professor Barry to observe, there may be great merit in painting a mackerel on a deal board, but not sufficient to make a Royal Academician; or, that a painter of still life should be admitted into that class of art where the labour of the mind was more effectually employed.

The true use of the model, when properly attended to, will not only regulate the practice, but assist the judgment; we shall not expect then from the painter of history, what belong more especially to the artist of still life; nor, when a broad and general character and style is assumed, as suitable to the subject, cavil with its want of individuality.

Having endeavoured (though briefly) to trace the progress of design in passing through the mind, till it is united in theory and practice, it may, perhaps, serve to show more distinctly, what may be expected from its general cultivation; and how far it may be within the reach of individual, or more extended attainment.

On taking leave of the subject we may be permitted to offer a few remarks on what has already been done in that class of the arts.

To book prints, and embellishments of that kind, we are chiefly indebted, for the revival and further cultivation of the art of design in this country. Before the establishment of the Royal Academy, Hayman took the lead, and is called the Father of the English School: most of the publications of that day were accompanied by prints after his drawing, and there is very little variety in the works of those whose designs appeared as contemporary with him: they are mostly in the pedantic dress of allegory. The personages and Gods of the Heathen Mythology are pressed into the device of a frontispiece. The author of the *Chase* presents his hare to Diana, while Apollo is in attendance ready to vouch for the inspired Bard. The Fisherman's Guide had the rivers and lakes personified, and pouring their urns at his feet. An Eastern Chief cannot pass sentence upon his Captives, but Justice must float in the air with her sword

and scales. Allegory is by some considered as the epic of art; but, generally speaking, it is seldom understood, and in such instances as these entirely out of place. These designs, with the exceptions we have mentioned, possessed many of them great merit, and united two very essential qualities in art, invention and composition;—we have seen an edition of *Don Quixote*, with engravings after the drawings of Vanderbank, replete with humour and in an excellent style. But Hogarth arose, and the genius of comedy and satire were exclusively his own;—Butler's *Hudibras* was enriched by his pencil, and we cannot imagine a more perfect union of talent.

Design was still little thought of, or encouraged, till Bell's publication of the *Poets* revived the practice, and stimulated the exertions of genius; nor can we pass over this little elegant edition without a tribute of praise to the taste and discrimination which appears in the choice and style of its embellishments.

In this display of Graphic skill, the names of Mortimer and Stothart are peculiarly distinguished. And it were no unpleasing task, would our limits permit, to dwell upon and point out the particular subjects of merit, in this compendium of English Design.

Harrison's *Novelist's Magazine* then followed, in the *Designs* for which Mr. Stothart was almost exclusively engaged; and we may be allowed to say, (without any disparagement to the talents of other eminent artists in the profession of Design,) that he stands at the head of his class. His works are before the public to an extent beyond that of any other artist, and possess a versatility very rarely seen, and general character united to just expression. What the late Mr. Hoppner said of his *Canterbury Pilgrims*, may be applied to most of his works, a "suitableness of style to any age or country." We have witnessed in the *Designs* and *Paintings* of this artist, not unfrequently, the humour of Hogarth and the graces of Parmegiano.

His picture of the *Pilgrims* has been most ably described by the pen of Mr. Carey, which, beside the comments contained in this Essay on the performance of Mr. Stothart, is replete with information on the subject of art.

His characters from Shakespeare, painted for, and in the possession of a gentleman in Yorkshire, is equally expressive of his powers. In this interesting piece most of the principal characters of our national bard are brought together, and, like the *Passions* in Collins's Ode, are "proving the wonders of their power;" the scale or gradation of which, rises from the gentle play of Comedy to the involved gloom of Tragedy, while a rainbow in the centre separates without harshly dividing them. In this Jubilee picture there is little of individual imitation; all is expression, resulting from the most minute and discriminating observation.

We have thus endeavoured to show, by explaining some of the principles of Design, that an intellectual pleasure may be obtained, where a mere accomplishment was in-

tended; and that a more intimate knowledge of its utility would be greatly instrumental in forming and correcting the national taste; and would at the same time help to remove the delusion which has tempted many to follow it as a profession.

It was not till we were about to conclude our article, that we had the advantage of seeing the whole of what Mr. Aikin had said upon the subject. He observes, that the term *Fine Arts* is often used in place of Design, "by which it is more correctly denominated;" and goes on to say: "We cannot bring ourselves to suppose that *Fine Arts* can legitimately and properly be introduced into the every-day purposes of human life. In its higher forms, it is considered, and very properly, to have, like Poetry, an intrinsic and inherent value, addressing itself immediately to the imagination and affections, and to be estimated by the power which it possesses of influencing strongly these faculties of the mind, independently of all consideration of mere utility. In its less perfect state, it is considered as an elegant accomplishment; and thus unfortunately has been forced into relationship with the other accomplishments of music and dancing; and has been looked upon as a grace and an elegance, but still as a superfluity, to be acquired because it is the fashion, and to be left off when other newer, and therefore still more fashionable elegancies take their turn."

"It were well however, in my opinion, if the art of Design could be for ever taken out of the class of accomplishments, and placed next to, and on an equality with its truly kindred art, the art of Writing."

"In the days of picture-writing, or hieroglyphics, the distinction between the two had not been made, and though the discovery of writing has made two of what was formerly one, there yet remains a natural and necessary connexion between them, and innumerable are the occasions on which the one may most successfully be employed to aid and illustrate the other."

We are indeed gratified to see the point of elevation in which Mr. Aikin places the poetry of the art; but are still of opinion, no part of it can be brought to the level of picture-writing, without inducing many to attempt it as a profession, or to become scribblers of caricature. A knowledge of the art should doubtless make a part of liberal education, while its practice should be left to talent and genius.

For the consideration which the Editor of

¹ Picture-writing reminds us of an anecdote related of a country shopkeeper, who, from the circumstance of not being able to write or read, had invented a mode of hieroglyphic book-keeping; and meeting a neighbour, challenged him with a debt of some standing—"For what?" (was asked) "A cheese," replied our shopkeeper—"I never bought a cheese of you in my life; it is not likely,—I make my own—how long ago is it?"—"It was last July, now about six months."—"Oh! ay, I remember that was a grindstone I had of you."—"Ods, my life," said the shopkeeper, "so it was; and in making my mark of it, I forgot to put a hole in the middle."

the Literary Gazette has so liberally afforded these miscellaneous observations, he is requested to accept the acknowledgment and thanks of an

ARTIST.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FORTY YEARS AGO: A RETROSPECT.

Ah Lyce! 'twas not thus we met

Just forty years ago:—

Although we do not yet forget

What we then learnt to know.

And still each heart with pleasure warms;

And still the paths of joy we trace;

And still we seek each other's arms;

And still exchange the fond embrace.

But the voluptuous hour is fled

Of forty years ago:—

Our sunny sky preserves its red,

But it has lost its glow!

The ardour of our speed is o'er;

The raptures of our clasp are gone;—

The conscious past and future store

Of bliss, in that wild present known.

SIXTY ONE.

TO A FRIEND WHO ENVIED THE AUTHOR'S PERPETUAL HIGH SPIRITS.

Oh! do not suppose that my hours

Are always unclouded and gay;

Or that thorns never mix with the flowers

That fortune has strewed in my way;

When seen by the cold and unfeeling

We smile thro' the sorrows we feel;

But smiles are deceitful,—concealing

The wounds which they never can heal.

The world is a changeable ocean,

And sunbeams and shadows abound;

Where the surface seems least in commotion,

The rocks of misfortune are found:—

And man is the pilot, who steering

Of every billow the sport;

See the gale of prosperity veering,

Which promis'd to waft him to port.

Our hopes are the gales that serenely,

Waft onward our sails as we float;

Our fears are the whirlwinds that keenly

O'erwhelm our poor perishing boat:

And reason's the beacon that gives us

It's light thro' life's perilous way,

But folly's the ray that deceives us

And leads us too often astray.

Our moments of mirth may be many,

And hope half our sorrow beguiles;—

But believe me there cannot be any,

Whose features are always in smiles.

The heart may be sad and repining,

Though cheerfulness brightens the scene,

As a goblet with gems may be shining

Though bitter the potion within.

A glittering volume may cover,

A story of sorrow and woe;

And night's gayest meteors may hover,

Where dangers lie lurking below;

Thus oft in the sunshine of gladness,

The cheek and the eye may be drest;

Whilst the clouds of dejection and sadness,

In secret o'ershadow the breast.

P. P. C.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

PARIS, AUGUST 23. — The French Academy, which has re-assumed its old customs, this day honoured the memory of the Holy King, the Chief of the House of Bourbon, by a religious festival, the first which has taken place since 1789. The members of

the Academy, headed by the Duke de Levis, the Director, together with several individuals belonging to the other classes of the Institute, assembled at noon, in the Royal Church of *Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois*. After the Mass, during which were sung the *O Salutaris* on the Elevation of the Host, and the Psalm *Exaudiat* for the King, the *Abbé Frayssinous* delivered a sermon on the irreligious spirit of modern times. The object of this sermon was to prove that social order cannot subsist with the bad doctrines accredited and diffused by the false philosophy of the eighteenth century, and that we can only hope for salvation by returning to the Christianity, under which France flourished during so many ages. We cannot forbear noticing one passage, with the beauty of which the Assembly was particularly struck. The *Abbé Frayssinous* alluded to the common and trivial maxim of *conforming with the customs of the age we live in*. "Let us," said he, "conform with the customs of the age in all that is not incompatible with the maintenance of public tranquillity, domestic peace, and the existence of society; but let us not conform with the bad manners and bad doctrines of the age, for these manners and doctrines will end in the overthrow of society, and all the brilliant advantages we derive from it."

At the conclusion of the religious ceremony, the French Academy proceeded to the Palace of the Institute. Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, the Assembly was extremely numerous; the sitting commenced at three o'clock. The perpetual Secretary, M. Raynouard, read the first part of the report on the competition; he explained the motives which first led to the establishment of the Academy, at the same time observing, that the prizes to be given for eloquence and poetry were founded by *Balzac* and *M. de Clermont*, Bishop of Noyon; and that they were now awarded to illustrious and old members. Descending from the age of *Louis XIV.* to the present day, M. Raynouard passed an eulogium on the translator of *Virgil* and *Milton*, though he likewise pointed out the danger which would arise from regarding him as a model. He then paid a tribute to the memory of his predecessor, *M. Suard*, to the correctness of his observation and soundness of his criticism.

M. Raynouard next read the report on the competition for the prize of poetry, and made known the judgment pronounced by the Academy on the works which had been presented. The subject was—the *happiness to be derived from study in every situation of life*. The perpetual Secretary, before he mentioned the names of the successful candidates, observed, that the works presented were in general recommendable for excellence of style, rather than for plan and arrangement.

Two works appeared to the Academy worthy of sharing the prize; these were numbers 25 and 30. The authors are *M. Pierre Lebrun*, already celebrated for the production of a Tragedy entitled *Ulysse*, which has been represented at the *Theatre Français*; and *M. de Saint-Cricq*, who is scarcely 21 years of age, and whose first essay may justly be deemed a triumph. M.

Lebrun's poem presents purity of style, pleasing gaiety, and facility of versification; grace and elegance are its distinctive characteristics. In *M. de Saint-Cricy's* work there is more method; the interest is of a dramatic nature; it contains many forcibly-written passages and lines, which on the first reading become engraven in the memory.

There being only one premium and two candidates judged worthy of the meed, the King, with that regard for talent which so highly adorns a crown, enabled the Academy to add a second on the present occasion, and thus reward both the Poets.

FRENCH ACADEMY.—M. Roger was on the 28th elected a Member of the French Academy, in the room of M. Suard.—On the 29th Count Maxime de Choiseul d'Aillecourt, Prefect of Orleans, author of a very good work on the spirit and influence of the Crusades, which obtained the prize about seven years ago, was elected a Member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, in the room of the Count de Choiseul Gouffier, his uncle.—M. Auger has been appointed successor to the same person in the Dictionary Committee. The candidates were Messrs. Roger, Treneuil, Benjamin Constant, Jay, Wailly, Debrieux. It was not till the seventh ballot that the absolute majority of 16 could be obtained for any one person: it then fell on M. Roger, (who had each time the greatest number of votes.) This gentleman therefore, author of a comedy called *L'Avocat*, &c. and who is Secretary General to the Post Office, was declared duly elected.

M. Raynouard, the new Secretary, read a proposition for instituting an annual premium for the work which should be published most favourable to the improvement of the Manners of the Country.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

FRENCH MANNERS.

L'HERMITE EN PROVENCE, BY M. JOUY.
THE WARM BATHS.

90th June, 1817.

There is something engaging in the rough character of M. Outis: he was going to Bagnères to take the waters: I have undertaken a journey for the purpose of making moral observations, and I promised myself an ample harvest in places where the two most powerful springs of the actions of men, pleasure and health, combine at this season to assemble together many and various originals. We therefore continued our journey together; he always in an ill humour with the human race;—I always inclined to believe that Jupiter, in weighing our destinies in his golden scales, has allotted us evil and good in pretty equal portions, giving however rather full measure of the former.

Our road from Pau led us through Tarbes, the situation of which, in a temperate climate, under a pure sky, in the middle of a fertile plain, watered by two rivers, and surrounded by the chain of the Pyrenees, is one of the happiest I have seen in the four quarters of the globe, and merits in every re-

spect the description the poet has given of it:

Clara situ, speciosa solo, jucunda fluentis.

The few hours I stopped in this city do not allow me to enter into any detail respecting the character and manners of the inhabitants; I do not wish to be reproached with imitating that English traveller, who, sailing in sight of the Canaries, wrote in his journal: "Towards noon we passed four leagues to the west of the island of Teneriffe, the inhabitants of which are very affable." Yet if I wished to allege in my favour the most respectable authorities, I do not see why I should not in twelve hours form an estimate of the state of things and men in the little town of Tarbes, since several tourists have found time, in three weeks, to observe France, to get acquainted with Paris, to obtain a thorough insight into our laws, our manners, and our customs, to appreciate all kinds of merit, and to decide upon every thing, with more understanding and goodwill indeed, but with the same rashness as Counsellor Kotzebue, of ridiculous and insolent memory; but my travelling companion, always impatient to be where he is not, is in a hurry to arrive at Bagnères.

This pretty little town is situated at the entrance of the valley of Campan, at the foot of a verdant hill, from whence issue the numerous warm springs, the salubrity of which is the motive or the pretext of the great number of strangers who resort to it every year. We had scarcely alighted from our carriage, when a band of musicians gathered round our door, speedily informed the town of our arrival, by saluting us with a noisy symphony, in which the French horn was, in my opinion, the most melodious instrument. The first visit which this musical proclamation procured, was that of a physician to the baths, whom our landlord introduced to us. When he saw us, he perceived at a glance, which of us might need the assistance of his art; and it was for form's sake that he enquired after my health, and prescribed to me one kind of water rather than another. "At my age, Doctor, (said I to abridge the consultation) there is only one salutary fountain, it is that of Youth, and it is probable I shall have time to die before it is discovered." "If I knew where to find it," replied my misanthropical companion, "I would take the journey, not to drink of it, but to dry it up: life is long enough, as it is; a man must have the devil in him, to wish to begin it anew." "These few words point out the seat of your disorder," continued the doctor, to whom I had made a sign; "you are hypochondriacal; you will pay your court to the Naiad of *Salut*, and I engage that in less than a fortnight you will be the best temperament in the world." "Let your Naiad relieve me from my head-ache; that is all I ask of her; as for my temperament I am very well satisfied with it, and do not desire any change." "We shall see that," said the doctor; "meantime, gentlemen, I beg you to do me the honour to spend the evening at my house, where you will meet all the genteel company at Bagnères." Here was an opportunity to enter upon my

subject at the middle, like an epic poem; I accepted the invitation, without giving my companion time to anticipate me by a refusal.

We dressed ourselves according to the etiquette at *The Waters*, and went to the doctor's at the Place d'Uzerre, where we were the first that arrived. This house is handsome, and furnished with much taste, and even elegance. His consultation-room is adorned with Silhouette portraits of the principal patients whom he has attended and cured. "You do well to explain this to us," said M. Outis; "for, to look at those black figures relieved by the sky-blue paper, I took them for so many shades, hovering about their tomb." "I preserve in my cabinet none but the images of the living," replied the doctor gaily. "I understand you," retorted the chevalier, "you would want a gallery for the others." The company arriving, we returned to the drawing-room, where the doctor presented us successively to all the guests, who as they entered were announced by a very pretty Basque servant-girl, for the moment acting the part of porter.

As I shall have frequent occasion to associate with the same persons during my stay at Bagnères, I think it as well to make my reader acquainted with those who have been objects of my study or particular observations.

The first, announced by the name of Major Monteal, is a tall stout man of fifty, of a most open and jovial countenance. When he learnt who I was, he seemed pleased at meeting me.—"Come," said he, "you are my man—I guess your object here, and you could not choose your time better. There is not in Europe a folly, an oddity, or an absurdity, of which we have not a sample here. I know so many people! I will put you in the way! You will die with laughing!"—"I most willingly accept the offer which you make me, answered I; one never observes better than when one does it with pleasure!"—"I have observed a great deal too much in that manner," said he, laying his hand on his breast; "I shall feel the effects of it all my life."—I will relate it to you.

"That stranger," continued he, "who has just been presented to you, under the name of Chevalier Groanman, is Baron Katzback.—Why this change of name?—To give himself an air of *incognito*. Such as you see him, this gentleman is *actual* Privy Counsellor to the late King of Poland; he was formerly Envoy from some little German Prince to the Republic of Ragusa; and he thinks he must preserve these diplomatic forms, which give him, in his own eyes, an importance, at which he never laughs."—"We are not obliged to be equally serious," said M. Outis; "and you will confess, that of all ridiculous things, there are few so laughable as a Baron Katzback, who seeks to moderate the splendor of his name, under the veil of a Chevalier Groanman."—"As for this gentleman," (said the Major, showing us a pale and shrivelled person, who took him by the hand as he went into the doctor's cabinet,) "he may assume

whatever tone, air, or name he thinks fit, for he has figured in all the conditions of human life: fortune took him from his father's plough, elevated him above a throne, on which he did not deign to descend, and after having made him perform the whole revolution of her wheel, set him down on an eminence, where he has chosen his retreat, and on the gate of which he has placed the inscription of Diocletian:

'Spes et fortuna valeat! inveni portum.'

I was going to ask various questions respecting this singular personage, when Mr. Griskin, and his wife Lady Amelia Griskin, were announced. Never in my life did I behold so ill-matched a couple: the one so thin, so drawn out, that you might think he had been passed through an oil-hole; the other of an hyperbolic size, which might be adduced as a corroboratory proof of the infinite dilation of the cellular membrane in women.—"The contrast which you observe between those two, is not the most remarkable matter about them," said M. de Monteval: "nature and society had not made them for each other: you shall know what deities presided at this strange marriage: I will tell you this story also another time."—"Behold," continued he, (pointing to an old lady, for whom both the folding doors had been thrown open, and who had seated herself upon a sofa,) "there is what you may call the 14th century personified; she is the Marchioness *par excellence*; she is never called otherwise, and the evening will not pass over, without her showing you how one can contrive, with a great deal of understanding, to render one's self disagreeable in the world, by an ample fund of pride, by an austerity of principle, (which may be proclaimed with impunity at an age when there are no privations to be imposed,) and by an insincere relapse into Gothic prejudices, which are now sacrificed to very worldly passions."—While the Major was speaking, M. Outis had directed his glass towards this old lady, whom he contemplated with peculiar attention.

"There is Madame Closane, with her pretty niece Antonia," continued M. Monteval; "the handsome Colonel is not far off."—"In fact, I almost at the same moment saw a young man, remarkable for his stature and his beauty, enter, and advance slowly, on a wooden leg. He saluted all the company; the aunt and the niece received him in a manner which discovered the very different sentiments with which each of them were animated towards him.

The Mayor and the Colonel retired to a window to converse together, and I continued my examination, imposing on myself the task of developing solely by my own penetration, the country, the rank, and the character of the persons who composed the rest of the company. I long attempted to guess to what class of society a man belonged, who was covered with a number of foreign orders, none of which were known to me; who spoke to every body, and received only monosyllables in reply; who gave himself an air of importance, of which nobody appeared to be the dupe;—I could not succeed in forming any fixed opinion upon him,

and I was going to consult my obliging Major concerning this equivocal personage, when the word Vauxhall happening to be mentioned, he began to talk so fluently of his enormous losses the evening before, of the meanness of the bank, which this year takes no stake above 10,000 francs; of *trente-un*, &c. that I was no longer in doubt about the honourable profession which he followed, and the order of knighthood to which he belonged.

I had less trouble in recognizing, at the first glance, a *Fashionable* of the Chaussée d'Antin, whom her husband had confided to the care of his relation, a general on half pay; two young Parisian artists; a Spanish *Grandee*, accompanied by an Almourer, exactly on the model of *Don Bazile*; a young Russian, under the care of a French tutor, equally distinguished as a man of letters and a philosopher.

Every body spoke first of his own health, leaving to the doctor the care of deciding on the progress of a cure, which he almost always adjourned to the next season. Parties of pleasure to the most agreeable parts of the valley, were planned for the following days; a general conversation took place on public affairs and the news from Paris; and the company divided themselves into small groups, more conveniently to talk scandal of each other. I soon perceived that two persons in the company who had not approached or spoken to each other, were, however, the only ones who had a perfect understanding. I have not yet had time to do more than look about me; another opportunity I shall observe.

The company left the doctor's to go to the Vauxhall. Mr. Outis, whose attention was still directed towards his old lady, followed the company: I had not spirits to go with them, but returned to my lodging to seek repose and sleep, of which I stood in great need after so fatiguing a day.

ANECDOTE OF PROFESSOR ENGEL.

Sir, the following anecdote of a German writer of great eminence, though not known in this country as he well deserves to be, may perhaps seem to you worthy of a place in your valuable Journal. It is vouched to be from Mr. Engel himself, and my friend believed it to be original.

"The late Professor Engel had just begun to attract the attention of the public by his writings, when he made a journey from Leipsic to Gotha, in order to pay a visit to his friend Seiler, manager of the theatre at that place. He had become acquainted with him at Leipsic, where Seiler had performed some time with his company, among whom was the celebrated Eckhof. The reigning Duke Ernest of Saxe-Gotha invited Engel to his court, and was so much pleased with him, that he desired to see him every day, and allowed him free access to his presence, even without being announced. It may be supposed, that all who belonged to the court followed the Duke's example. This, and the theatre, which were very good for that time, induced Engel to prolong his stay for some weeks. He esteemed Seiler as a man of equal integrity and modesty, and was there-

fore very sorry when he found that he was obliged, by the smallness of his receipts, to look about for some other place of residence. He even promised to obtain a licence for him of the Ministers of the Court of Dresden, with whom he was personally acquainted, but on the condition that the Duke should approve of the company's removal. The Manager applied to the Duke, Engel did the same, and both received verbally a very gracious answer, that he had no objection to Seiler's removing with his company to a more advantageous place, and wished him all possible success.

Seiler and Engel now went to Dresden, and returned in a fortnight with the licence. But how great was their astonishment at learning, immediately on their arrival, that the Duke had engaged all the best performers of the company, in order to form a court theatre. Seiler thus saw himself ruined by the want of good actors. He was in despair, but at the same time too desponding to venture on any remonstrance. Engel was likewise very angry, but did not lose his presence of mind. He absolutely declined every invitation to Court, spoke loudly and with warmth of the want of good faith shown to his friend, and remonstrated to every courtier whom he met with, on the injustice that had been committed, so forcibly, and at the same time in such cautiously-chosen expressions, that what he said, however striking, had nothing offensive in it which could furnish a handle against him.

All this was of course reported to the Duke, and greatly exaggerated. The Court was at loss what to do. To expel Engel the city, or to arrest him, was on the one hand inconsistent with the Duke's way of thinking, and on the other, did not seem advisable to the courtiers, for fear the public should judge too unfavourably of them. Neither was there any hope of silencing Engel by any mark of favour; for immediately after this affair, he had broken off the negotiation about a post which had been offered him. Several officers of the Court were sent to him to pacify him, but without success. The Duke was beside himself, especially when he heard that Engel was preparing to depart; he feared that he would bring this affair before the public at Leipsic, and make a noise about it, which he would willingly have avoided.

His Prime Minister, an old experienced courtier, encouraged him, and took it upon himself either to gain Engel or to frighten him.—A most obliging invitation was sent him, to call upon M. de Z.—Engel appeared, and M. de Z. received him with much condescension.

"I am extremely happy, Sir, to see you again. Pray excuse my not receiving you standing; but you know," (pointing to his gouty feet). "I beg you will be so good as to take a chair."—(Engel sat down and after some trifling conversation the Minister continued.) "You are an ingenious and excellent man. His Highness sincerely esteems you, so do, we all, so does the whole Court. You could do the Duke a service, for which he would be obliged to you."

Engel. His Highness has given me so

many proofs of his goodness, that every opportunity to shew him my gratitude must be welcome to me.

M. de Z. You are a noble-minded man. But only imagine, there is the Manager Seiler; I hear he makes a great noise, because the Duke intends to have a theatre of his own. Is the fellow mad?

Engel. Your Excellency will pardon my contradicting you. Seiler is a very timid, quiet man: he doubtless grieves at his misfortune, but he does not even complain aloud of it.

M. de Z. I tell you I know for certain; the man is abusive and passionate.

Engel. I am sorry, that you are ill informed. I see him daily, and I can bear witness, that he has never spoken an angry word on the subject.

M. de Z. I tell you again I am certain, quite certain. He pours forth abuse and foams with rage. (*proudly*) It would be easy to stop his mouth, but His Highness is resolved not to use rigour. (*mildly*) You are his friend, speak to him; advise him to be silent, and let him know that His Highness can do what he pleases.

Engel. Though I have never heard Seiler say a word that could be laid to his charge, I will obey your commands and advise him not to do it. The second part of your commission, I must beg leave to decline. Your Excellency's opinion on this point is not mine.

M. de Z. How! do you think His Highness is not at liberty to have a company of actors of his own?

Engel. Of this there can be no question. If you or I were rich enough we might do so. But what the Duke is not at liberty to do, is to engage Seiler's company, as it belongs to him, and the Duke had promised to let it go.

M. de Z. And what should hinder His Highness from taking back his word?

Engel. Not a law of the Empire certainly; but the laws of morality.

M. de Z. What! you believe that His Highness acts contrary to morality?

Engel. No: for I am convinced that on reflection he will restore to poor Seiler his company, from which he derives his support.

M. de Z. I do not believe that.

Engel. I am sorry that you have a less favorable opinion of your master than I have. I consider the Duke to be a very moral man.

M. de Z. (*Rather confused, but with an arch look.*) What do you call moral?

Engel. In my idea there are three degrees, of morality. The first is *Justice*, and consists in not deliberately taking from any one, what belongs to him. None, but a base calumniator could pretend to doubt that His Highness possesses this degree. He certainly would not have engaged Seiler's company, had he looked upon it as what it is, the man's property. The second degree is *Equity*, and consists in satisfying expectations which we have ourselves excited, and not taking from others, what we think we might take with some degree of right, especially if they must be ruined by our so

doing. This degree His Highness will certainly exercise of himself, especially if he recollects his promise. The third degree is *Generosity*. So noble-minded a prince will not remain behind in this either. I am convinced that His Highness, if not before, yet (*smiling*) certainly upon Your Excellency's representation, will indemnify poor Seiler by a present for the anxiety he has suffered.

M. de Z. (*burning with vexation*) Who gives you a right to speak thus?

Engel. Your Excellency, for you asked me.

M. de Z. (*after a pause, in an ironical tone, and with an air of the utmost importance.*) What do you think, Sir, shall I repeat all this to His Highness, as you have spoken it?

Engel. (*rises with vivacity and goes to minister's table.*) I consider His Highness as a noble and enlightened Prince, who possesses sufficient understanding and strength of mind, to hear well-meant truths without anger, and to be obliged to him who tells them. If I am not mistaken in this, I shall be happy if you will communicate our conversation to His Highness; but if you think that I am mistaken, I beg you not to do it.

M. de Z. (*Embarrassed.*) Oh! certainly His Highness is a wise and generous Prince! you have nothing to fear.

Engel. "So I believe, and therefore with permission take my leave."

The next day Engel went to take leave of the Duke. He was received and dismissed with cold reserve. But the next day the whole company of actors was summoned to the palace, and all, with the exception of Eckhof, released from their new engagement: and Seiler, now quite happy, went with them to Dresden. H. E. L.

A SPANISH STORY.

Continued.

"Indeed," said the Colonel, "Duenna, I am much indebted to you for this happy occasion." "I feel a pleasure in this moment, Donna Aminta," continued he, "that I cannot express, and perhaps, as it is the most delightful I have ever experienced, so it may be the happiest of my whole existence. You have inspired me with a sentiment that has raised my soul above itself, that has made me feel that I can love you without desiring more. Perhaps it is in the same spirit that we think of heaven." "For that heaven's sake, Monsieur Walstein," said my Lady, "do not talk thus, for that passion of which you speak, is not to be tempted in any shape; there is no safety from it but in flight, and therefore—let us go." "Stay but another moment," he replied, "and let us enjoy the blameless delight of looking on this lovely scene,—lovely to me indeed—with you so nigh. How tranquil is the bosom of that valley opening beneath us like a mighty amphitheatre, whose walls reach up to heaven. What richness in the colours of those fields whose happy stream hastens to fill Aminta's bath. Sweet angel, when you descended to trouble the waters, I would wait there to be healed by them." My Lady interrupted him. "Monsieur Walstein, you must not say these things;

you would flatter me into folly. Have you discovered that you are not disagreeable to me, and would you profit by my good opinion of you? But, believe me, the attempt is vain; for I would not think myself worthy to live if I did not deny myself even the dearest wish in life, if it were opposed to my duty to my God." "Nay," replied he, "but for whom do you cherish with so much sanctity all your friendship, and all your love?—he who now calls you wife is most unworthy of it." "Who is it that is faultless?" she replied. "I would not for the world offend you," said the Colonel: "that which I have ventured on your ear is nothing new. I will not now bring in graver authorities, but I shall repeat a passage of *Tasso*, that I think may amuse you, and particularly as it is my own translation." "Well," said she, "setting the question aside, I would like to hear your translation. I admire *Tasso* as a poet, but when I read poetry, I keep in remembrance that I am reading fiction; and perhaps that is the reason why they deal so much in pictures of passion. Come begin," said she. "To what passage do you allude? I cannot recollect the beginning," said he, "but it was the description of *Armida's* bird, with its song among the trees of the enchanted garden." "I will try," said she, "and bring it to your recollection. Does it not begin thus?"

"Vezzosi augelli infra le verdi fronde"

"That is the beginning," observed he, "but, as I find you are so intimate with the original, I feel afraid of showing my presumption instead of my skill." "Nay, Colonel," said my Lady, "if you have no desire beyond that of pleasing me, I think I shall be pleased; and if I could be certain that you would be contented with my friendship, I should not withhold it from you; but, to be candid, you may rest assured that if you look to other objects, not even my friendship shall be given." "Then," said the Colonel, endeavouring to conceal his emotion, "then," said he, offering her his hand, "let me touch the strand on which all my hopes are shipwrecked." "Colonel," resumed my Lady, giving her hand, "I am serious in every word I have spoken; it is the best part of my character to be steady in every business of life. I feel that I am rather blameable in contracting so unripe a friendship, but we live in such times that life is too short for acting our parts by the old rules of caution and propriety." "I swear to you," said he. "Nay," she interrupted him, "do not swear, for oaths and faithlessness follow each other like substance and shadow." I now remarked to my Lady, that it was full time for our return, that we had come much farther than we had intended, and that Don Antonio would be waiting dinner for us. We then arose, and made good haste down the hill. The walk home was pleasant, but very little conversation occurred, except that my Lady often pressed the Colonel to repeat his translation of *Tasso*, which he as often declined, promising that he would give it to her at some other time. On our arrival we found an officer with dispatches for the Colonel. Don Antonio was out, and it was not quite dinner

time, so all was right. The Colonel retired into the balcony to open the packet, but soon returned, saying to the officer, "Very well, send the adjutant to me." The officer bowed and withdrew. The Colonel seemed pensive, and spoke not a word for some minutes; during which time my Lady looked at him as I never saw her look at a man in my life. Bless me, thought I to myself, what can this mean? He raised his eyes from the ground, on which they had been fixed, and gazing on my Lady, said, "we have no time to lose;" upon which they exchanged a look or two, and immediately she rose up, saying, "Brigida, leave us alone for a few minutes." I remarked to her that there could be nothing which I might not know with safety; that my secrecy was only exceeded by my fidelity. She made no reply, but pointed to the door. "Oho!" said I to myself, "is it come to this?" So I curtsied and left the room. As soon as I got out, I brushed through the hall, went round by the Chinese saloon, and placed myself opposite to a crack in the false door, where I could see and hear every thing; not that I had any desire to know what they had in view, but I went there, because I think a third person proper on all occasions; for, as my grandmother used to say, "there never were two together yet, but there was a third, and if it was not a human creature, it was the Devil." So I went to make a third, and keep off Satan. I put my ear to the chink, after looking two or three times through it, to make sure that my eyes did not deceive me, for of all the senses the sight is the least to be depended on. I heard my Lady say, "for God's sake." "So!" said I, taking away my ear, and putting my eye in its stead; but I saw nothing that could throw any light upon the nature of the interview; nor could I make head or tail of what they said, for they spoke by fragments; however, I kept my post, to keep off Satan; and he was kept off, for not a word was uttered by either of them that the recording angel might not have heard without a frown. Seeing my Lady go out, I ran to her chamber, where I put on a sulky look, as she came into it. "Brigida," said she, "you shall know all my secrets in a day or two." I pretended to be made easy by this declaration, and kissed her hand. "Tell me," said she, "have you heard any thing of Diego?" "No, Senora; that is exactly what I want to hear." "Inquire, Brigida." "My Lady, I believe you are the only person to inquire of." "Nay, nay," said she anxiously, "go and ask Sebastian if he has returned; I expect him hourly." On my going out, I took a peep at the Colonel, to see what he was about, and found him surrounded with papers. Diego had not returned, but Don Antonio had; and, contrary to custom, in very good humour. "So the French are all going to leave Duenna," he said, "Good Heavens!" said I. "Why you seem," returned he upon me, "to take it to heart, I suppose the Colonel has been generous." On this, I turned to fly at him, but my Lady came in. He was afraid I should tell her what he had insinuated; so, holding out his hand, he said, "Duenna Brigida, do not let us quar-

rel." I turned up my lip at him in contempt, and left him and my Lady together. They walked towards the saloon, where the Colonel was, while I returned to my Lady's room. Now all that I thought on this, shall be told another time; for if I were to tell you now what it was, it would look like prophecy, which I do not chuse to set down for, for you know it looks like witchcraft.

(We find the Spanish Story longer than we expected, and must postpone the conclusion till our next Number.)

BIOGRAPHY.

CZERNY-GEORGES.

Georges Petrowich, better known by the name of *Czerny-Georges*, that is to say *Black George*, was born of a noble Servian family in the neighbourhood of Belgrade. Before he had attained the age of manhood, he was one day met by a Turk, who with an imperious air ordered him to stand out of his way, at the same time declaring that he would blow out his brains. *Czerny-Georges* however prevented him from putting this threat into execution, and by the discharge of a pistol immediately laid him dead on the ground. To avoid the dangerous consequences of this affair, he took refuge in Transylvania and entered the military service of Austria, in which he quickly obtained the rank of non-commissioned officer. His captain having ordered him to be punished, *Czerny-Georges* challenged and killed him. He then returned to Servia, where at the age of twenty five, he became the chief of one of those bands of malcontents which infest every part of the Turkish dominions, who pride themselves in the title of *Kleptai*, or *brigands*, and whom the non-muselman population regard as their avengers and liberators. *Czerny-Georges* encamped in the thick forests, waged war against the Turks with unheard-of cruelty; he spared neither age nor sex, and extended his ravages throughout the whole province of Servia. The Turks having by way of retaliation, condemned twenty-six of the principal Servians to death, the father of *Czerny-Georges*, shocked at so many horrors, determined to abandon the banners of his son whom he had previously joined. The old man even threatened to deliver up the whole troop to the power of the Turks, unless they immediately consented to relinquish the useless contest. *Czerny* conjured him to alter his resolution; but the old man persisted and set out for Belgrade. His son followed him. Having arrived at the Servian outposts, he threw himself on his knees and again entreated that his father would not betray his country; but finding him inflexible, he drew out a pistol, fired it, and thus became the murderer of his parent.

The Servians still continued to augment the band of *Czerny-Georges*. Emboldened by the numerous advantages he had obtained, this chief at length sallied from his forests, besieged Belgrade, and on the 1st of Dec. 1806 forced that important fortress to surrender. Being proclaimed Generalissimo of his nation, he governed it with unlimited power. The principal nobles and ecclesiastics,

under the Presidency of the archbishop, formed a kind of Senate or *Synod*, which assembled at Semendriah, and which claimed the right of exercising the sovereignty. But *Czerny-Georges* annulled the acts of the assembly, and declared, by a decree, that "during his life no one should rise above him, that he was sufficient in himself and stood in no need of advisers." In 1807 he ordered one of his brothers to be hanged for some trifling want of respect towards him.

The conquest of Servia was accompanied by the massacre of the Turks, no mercy was shown even to those who voluntarily surrendered themselves. *Czerny-Georges* being attacked by an army of 50,000 Musulmans, valiantly defended the banks of the Morave, and had he possessed the means of obtaining foreign officers to discipline the intrepid Servians, he might perhaps have re-established the kingdom of Servia, which under Stephen III. resisted the Monguls, and under Stephen Duncian included Bulgaria, Macedonia and Bosnia. In 1387, Servia, though tributary to the Turks, still retained its national Princes, who assumed the title of *Despots*, in 1463 they were succeeded by a Turkish Pasha. Their house became extinct in 1560.

Czerny-Georges was tall and well made; but his appearance was altogether savage and displeasing, owing to the disproportionate length of his countenance, his small and sunken eyes, bald forehead, and his singular method of wearing his hair gathered together in one enormous tress which hung down upon his shoulders. His violent spirit was masked by an exterior of coldness and apathy; he sometimes passed whole hours without uttering a single syllable, and he neither knew how to read nor write. He never resorted to the diversion of hunting above once during the year. He was then accompanied by from three to four hundred Pandours, who assisted him in waging a deadly war against the wolves, foxes, deer and wild goats which inhabit the forests of fertile, but uncultivated Servia. The entire produce of his hunting was publicly sold for his own profit. He also sought to augment his patrimony by confiscations.

At the Treaty of Peace in 1819, Russia provided for the interests of Servia. That Province was acknowledged to be a Vassal and Tributary of the Porte. *Czerny-Georges* retired to Russia; and lived at Kissonoff in Bessarabia.

His return to Servia in disguise, his discovery, and execution were recently stated in the Literary Gazette.

RICHAUD-MARTELLY, an Actor and Author, died at Marseilles on the 10th of July, aged 66. He was originally an Advocate, and pleaded his last cause in that capacity on the same day on which he made his debut as a performer. He gained his cause, and was so successful on the stage as to give up the law for the drama. His writings were a small volume of Fables, entitled "*Fables Nouvelles*," published at Bourdeaux in 1788—The *Two Figaros*, a five-act Comedy—The *Intriguer* his own *Dupe*, a Comedy, 4 acts—and, *An Hour of Jucrisse*, one act.—He also

produced *Le Maladroit*, and *Les Amours Supposés*; but though played, they were not printed.

THE DRAMA.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

Engaged by the scope of our Journal to picture the *manners* of the times, which are so essentially involved in its *amusements*, and intending to bring all the minor places of public entertainment, in succession, under the view of our readers, we visited Vauxhall Gardens, to witness their close yesterday week. We are assured that, in spite of the weather, the season has been very prosperous:—that the company were induced to come during the gleams of summer weather, and when the pelting showers, which have pretty equally divided the reign of St. Swinith between foul and fair, descended, they took shelter in the boxes and contributed in another way to the profits of the proprietor, by devouring muslin slices of ham, tiny chickens, confectionery, wines, and arrack punch.

This brilliant scene is so little altered from preceding years, and so well known as to absolve us from the task of description. The orchestra, a pagod of lustre; the covered walks, arches of fire; the open promenades, tastefully illuminated; the transparencies of the Hermit and old Woman cooking, the well-lighted Rotunda and Long Room, the songs and music, the exhibitions of rope-dancing, and the apparently supernatural display of Madame Saqui amid a blaze of fireworks, constitute the circle of attraction and amusements till near one o'clock. At this hour the *Regulars* begin to retire; and dancing, reels, waltzes, and staggers, signalize the activity and conviviality of the remaining *Irregulars*. We observed that the bands of Pandæans, &c. which used to be stationed in various parts of the Garden had been given up, and the music confined to the orchestra: this is the reverse of an improvement, as these straggling minstrels contributed much to enliven the place and its visitors.

About four o'clock the most zealous votaries of pleasure have become weary, the most noisy quiet, the most dissipated worn out; and the Gardens are gradually surrendered to the conjoint reign of silence and darkness. Here and there the loitering wanton, the inebriated spendthrift, and the lamplighter reversing the bright part of his profession, are all that are now visible of the promiscuous throng which an hour before crowded the obstreperous avenues of gaiety.

The songs and music of Vauxhall have long enjoyed the fame of being exceedingly indifferent. On this occasion they did not strike us as forming an exception to their established character: but indeed, merit in either would be wasted in this theatre, and the most appropriate pieces to execute, admitting any degree of excellence, must be instrumental solos with organs of greater power than fineness. Mrs. Bland and Mr. Taylor were the chief singers whom we noticed; and several airs were effectively

given on the horn, by a person with whose name we are unacquainted.

The rope-dancing was very good, and the final exhibition of Mde. Saqui, at 12 o'clock, well deserves the appellation of supernatural, which we have bestowed upon it. A human figure, moving in a burning atmosphere, and at so great a height from the "solid earth," presents a most imposing spectacle. For ourselves we can only say, that it rivals what our imagination has conjured up from the enchantments of Arabian Nights. This surprising female, sparkling with spangles and tinsel, and her head canopied with plumes of ostrich feathers, ascends the rope to a man seated at the top, in the midst of blue lights, and a hundred wheels, and stars, and rockets; thence she again descends with a rapid step, stopping only for a few moments near the centre of the long and dazzling line. Her countenance is very masculine, and her features the reverse of beautiful; her limbs so muscular that they would be remarkable in a strong man; but these are only noticeable when the lady is close to the spectator, which is not the case during the exhibition.

But we shall take our leave of her, her exploits, and their scene, with stating the rate of charges for refreshments. The wines are little more in price, and little less in measure, than in the taverns of London. The arrack punch is 7s. per quart, and, to our critical taste, tolerably good. A plate containing two infant chickens and a small quantity of ham, is 11s. A lettuce, under the denomination of "sallad," is 1s. 6d. Six or eight cheese-cakes and biscuits, 4s. 6d. Wax lights, 2s.; and bread and beer for a party of four or five, 4s. These charges, though extravagant, are perhaps not so much so as is commonly apprehended of Vauxhall, since the notorious story of the citizen, who accompanied every mouthful which his family party swallowed with the heart-breaking apostrophe of "*There goes twopence!!*"

Mr. Taylor delivered a speech in the name of the Proprietor, thanking the public for the support which the gardens had experienced, and promising, as usual, future exertions. Also acknowledging the favour with which the performers had been treated.

The confusion, debauchery, and infamous ribaldry, which disgrace the outside of almost all our public places, among the hackney-coachmen, porters, link-boys, thieves, and their associate harlots, are felt with accumulated force at Vauxhall. We never witnessed any thing more obscene and brutal. Drunkenness, squabbling, filth, swearing and blasphemy, offended every ear, and it was a painful task to have to conduct a virtuous woman to her carriage, through the shock of such language, and the depravity of such manners. What of the police we saw, were actors in the these abominable revels, which were not checked in the slightest degree by any present authority.

HAT-MARKET.—The short and successful term of this Theatre draws to a close without producing any further novelty. Mr. Jamieson's Comedy and Mr. Colman's Interlude have been found sufficient for all the

purposes of profit; and the nightly overflow to witness these pieces is, we think, a proof that the taste of the present era is for broad farce and the ludicrous. We humbly conceive that the majority of the Natives wish to go to the Play-house to laugh. Otherwise this scene of amusement, with all its inconveniences, its incommodious entrance rendered trebly troublesome and the source of endless confusion and quarrels by being confined to one avenue to the boxes, instead of two, as formerly; its narrow passages; its offensive lobby, so entirely within ear-shot of the dress circle; its indifferent arrangements as to places; and its sweltering heat, enough to thaw and dissolve the stoutest frame; would not have met the encouragement it has this season experienced.

A paragraph has appeared in some of the papers, that the story of Morrison and Hall, two soldiers who narrowly escaped being executed at Stafford, for a highway robbery, of which they were not guilty, is about to be dramatized for representation at Drury-Lane. We trust that so indecent and baneful a design, has no better foundation than an unauthorized and mischievous suggestion. The administration of public justice is too grave and painful a duty to be thus treated, and it would be a gross abuse of the stage, were such a drama either to be allowed or attempted.

The Continental Theatres present nothing which may not be postponed till next week.

DIGEST OF POLITICS AND NEWS.

The best feature of either the Politics or News of this week is to be found in our Meteorological Journal, which shows that the blessing of Providence is upon the country, in a season admirably adapted to mature and save one of the most abundant harvests which has rewarded the toils of husbandry within the memory of man. The weather could not be more auspicious, and we rejoice to add, that every natural appearance encourages the hope that it will continue in this favourable and settled state.

Looking to the Journals for political intelligence, we find them a barren field, and lament that party bickerings should so largely usurp the space which might be so much more advantageously occupied. The greater the benefit of a free press is, the greater is the regret felt for its perversion. It is, however, gratifying to observe, that the differences and wars of Europe are exclusively confined to the Newspapers—their contests are bitter enough, but they break no bones, shed ink instead of blood, and though they waste many a fair sheet of paper, they desolate no country!

The Emperor of Russia is about to leave Petersburg for eighteen months, with the intention of residing some time at Moscow and Warsaw, and traversing

the Southern Provinces of his extended Empire, for the sake of carrying civilization and improvement into these distant regions. A noble purpose, and worthy of a great Monarch! The American papers report, that a Russian settlement has been formed in one of the Islands of the Pacific, near the Sandwich Islands. We are utterly at a loss to conceive why several of our leading Journals are endeavouring to instil into the public mind a jealous apprehension of Russia, which must over-run Europe before she could threaten or injure Britain, which has need of consolidation not of extension, which is without the sinews of offensive warfare, which must for a century be more a customer than a rival in commerce, were she even to establish colonies in every sea; and which is every where reducing her military establishments.

The Russian Empire has undoubtedly become, as she ought to be, a commanding power in European politics; but, beyond preserving this her proper station, we cannot see the slightest ground for imputing to her ambitious projects inconsistent with the peace and prosperity of the world.

On Saturday the Duke of Wellington left Paris for Cambray, after a long conference with the Duke de Richelieu, and other Foreign Ministers. The King of Prussia set out on Sunday for Maubeuge.

Of five French soldiers tried for a conspiracy to assassinate the Princes of the Royal Family, at a review, two desperadoes, Desbans and Chayoux, have received sentence of death, one accomplice, Nepveu, has been condemned to three years imprisonment and 500 francs fine, and two are acquitted. Hints are thrown out, of some seditious movements in the South, to the military command of which district Marshal Marmont has been somewhat suddenly appointed. He set off immediately to supersede General Canuel at Lyons.

Regnault St. Jean d'Angely has returned from America, and gone to Königsberg, as it appears, rather against his inclination. Marshal Davoust has been restored to the royal favour and his *Bâton*.

Some exertions to place the American navy in a state of greater efficiency, have attracted a little political speculation.

Some Ministerial changes have taken place in Constantinople of little consequence to Europe. The Minister of the Interior has been disgraced.

The accounts from South America are as various and contradictory as ever.—Some letters represent the affairs of Minna,

in Mexico, as desperate, others as improving: on the side of Venezuela, &c. Bolivar is differently said to be victorious, and a fugitive; Margaretta to be retaken by the Royalists; Mac Gregor to be weak and strong: it seems, however, probable, that the Insurgents have been successful in Peru, as Cusco has fallen into their hands; and it is even announced, that they threaten the seat of royal power, Lima.

A Colonel Masenbach has been arrested at Francfort, and conveyed to Berlin, there to be tried for his conduct in the campaign of 1806, when Chief of the Prussian Staff under Prince Hohenlohe.

It is with infinite concern we have to notice the receipt of accounts from Ireland, stating the prevalence of a bad Typhus Fever in that country. Many victims have already fallen before the fell disease in Limerick, Strabane, Tralee, Londonderry, and other places. One of the Judges of the King's Bench, Mr. Justice Osborne, died of it on the circuit.

The brave Sir J. T. Duckworth, G. C. B. Admiral of the White, Commander in Chief on the Plymouth station, and M. P. for Romney, died on Sunday last at his post in Plymouth, in the 70th year of his age. We trust to be able to give a Biography of this Naval Hero, in addition to several Memoirs of eminent persons, lately deceased, now in preparation.

VARIETIES.

THE STUART PAPERS.—*La Quotidienne*, Paris paper, of the 30th ultimo, states, that the archives of the Stuart family, purchased by Mr. Watson from M. Taponi the executor of the late Cardinal York, are actually on their way to England, the British government have dispatched two ships of war to Civita Vecchia to transport them. These papers, it adds, are numerous, authentic and extremely precious. They elucidate the whole of the history of the latter Stuarts which has heretofore been obscure, and throw new lights upon the literature, history, and politics of the most interesting period of modern times. Among the literary documents are a correspondence between King James and Fenelon, Swift, the Bishop of Rochester, Lord Bolingbroke, Marshal Keith, and other persons of equal celebrity. In the political part are ten thousand autograph letters of the Stuart family, and also many letters of Charles XII. King of Sweden, Peter the great Czar of Muscovy, Louis XIV, and nearly all the Sovereigns of Europe.

The system of saving shipwrecked seamen when driven on a lee shore, has attracted powerful attention. A Russian officer of high distinction, has (as a constant reader informs us) been charged by his Emperor, to wait upon Captain Manby, and request every information on that, and other of his plans for the benefit of mankind.

It has been remarked that nine British Dukes have died within the last nine years, viz. Portland, Devonshire, Grafton, Queensbury, St. Albans, Dorset, Norfolk, Marlborough, and Northumberland.

ANECDOTE.—A person, tired of the prolix stories of a great traveller, said to him, "Sir, you have doubtless become acquainted with *Geography* in the course of your voyages."—"Sir," answered the learned traveller, "I have never been so far!"

"A stone adapted to the purposes of Lithography has been lately discovered in East Lothian, on the property of the Right Hon. the Earl of Wemyss and March. Various successful experiments have already been made with it by Mr. Ruthven, the ingenious inventor of the patent printing press." *The Edinb. Mag.*

TO OUR READERS.

We have great pleasure in promising for our next Number not only a Biographical Memoir of the late Samuel Woodforde, Esq. R. A., but also, from the able pen of W. C., critical remarks on that artists' studies at Rome, and on the style of Paul Veronese, whom he copied at Venice. From the sources of information open to us on these subjects, we trust we may, without presumption, anticipate an Essay of very considerable interest to the British Arts, Artists, and Amateurs.

An original Biography of M. Suard is also intended for our next.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

August 28—Thursday.

Thermometer from 50 to 68.
Barometer from 29, 77 to 29, 93.
Wind W. b. N. and S. W. 1—Generally overcast till eight, when it became clear.

Friday, 29

Thermometer from 51 to 67.
Barometer from 29, 80 to 29, 99.
Wind S. W. 1—Generally clear, with a few short showers at times.
Rain fallen, .15 of an inch.

Saturday, 30

Thermometer from 45 to 67.
Barometer from 30, 10 to 30, 05.
Wind S. and S. W. 1—Generally overcast; raining hard in the evening.

Sunday, 31

Rain fallen, .05 of an inch.
Thermometer from 55 to 68.
Barometer from 30, 0 to 30, 10.
Wind S. W. 1—Generally clear.
Rain fallen, .225 of an inch.

September 1—Monday

Thermometer from 40 to 66.
Barometer from 30, 20 to 30, 27.
Wind S. and S. W. 1—Rather cloudy till the evening, when it became clear.

Tuesday, 2

Thermometer from 37 to 68.
Barometer from 30, 26 to 30, 17.
Wind E. and N. E. 1—Generally clear till the afternoon, when it became cloudy.

Wednesday, 3

Thermometer from 47 to 76.
Barometer from 30, 10 to 30, 12.
Wind E. and S. E. 1—Beautifully clear through the whole of the day.

JOHN ADAMS.

Edmonton, Middlesex.